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GLEANINGS IN THE CORN FIELDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

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SPIRITUALISM AMONGST THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

“Gehst du in die naturgemäße Urzeit zurück, in der noch nicht die sogenannte Cultur das innere Leben bedeckt, in die Geschichte des alten Testaments, oder auch jetzt noch dahin, wo die Wiege des Menschengeschlechtes war, wie zum Oriente, so stehst du auch dort noch Ueberreste, die von gleichem innerem Leben bei ganzen Volkstammern zeugen, das wir hier nur als Krankheit an Einzelnen zu beobachten glauben.“

Justinus Kerner.

YOUR able correspondent, T. S., has given us a very interesting “Glimpse of Spiritualism in the East.” Let us now take a glimpse of Spiritualism in the West: for it is, and has been for ages, prevalent there. By travelling far enough east we come into our west. The American Indians inhabiting our west, came thither by migrating still farther east, for undoubtedly they were originally an eastern people. All the traditions of the different Indian tribes describe them as reaching the American continent by the north-west. They came from Asia by traversing its north-eastern regions, and descending on America somewhere near Behring’s Straits. Many persons have been so much struck by their resemblance to the Jews, not only in their features, but in their customs and traditions, that they have assumed them to be the lost Ten Tribes. William Penn was so much struck by this likeness, that he says they continually reminded him of faces in Monmouth Street. Elias Boudinot wrote a large work to prove the hypothesis of the lost Ten Tribes. He showed that the North American Indians had traditions of the creation of a first human pair; of God walking with them in their state of innocence; of their fall: of the flood; of the law being given from heaven amid thunder and lightning. That they had, in some tribes, an ark which they bore about with them; had their feasts of new moons, and other customs; and had so true an idea

of the spirituality of God, that, whilst other heathen nations had idols, they would suffer no image of him to be made.

All these are curious coincidences at least ; but as people have imagined the Ten Tribes to be found in so many places, in India especially, and as a Mr. George Moore is now endeavouring to prove that we, the Saxon tribes, are also the lost Ten Tribes, and, therefore, our great destiny, we will leave this point, and merely assert what appears unquestionable, that the American aborigines are an eastern people, who brought with them the most ancient eastern traditions. So strong is their hereditary tendency in that direction, that they still lay their heaven in the West ; for our East is their West. They say spirits follow the sun. They brought all the ancient spirituality with them, and retain much of it to this day ; though dimmed and debased, yet strong and extraordinary. They have their prophets, or medicine-men : their dreams and *séances* ; their firm persuasion of the visitations of good and evil spirits. They have wonderful accounts of prophecies which heralded the white man for ages—

For they were not a brutish race, unknowing
Evil from good : their fervid souls embraced
With Virtue's proudest homage to o'erflowing,
The mind's inviolate majesty. The past
To them was not a darkness, but was glowing
With splendour which all time had not o'ercast :
Streaming unbroken from Creation's birth,
When God communed, and walked with man on earth.

Stupid idolatry had never dimmed
The Almighty image in their lucid thought.
To him alone their zealous praise was hymned ;
And hoar Tradition from her treasury brought
Glimpses of far-off times, in which were limned
His awful glory ;—and their prophets taught
Precepts sublime,—a solemn ritual given
In clouds and thunder to their sires from heaven.*

And in the boundless solitude which fills
Even as a mighty heart, their wild domains ;
In caves and glens of the unpeopled hills ;
And the deep shadow that for ever reigns
Spirit-like in their woods ; where, roaring, spills
The giant cataract to the astounded plains,—
Nature, in her sublimest mood, has given
Not man's weak faith, but a quick flash from heaven.

Roaming in their free lives by lake and stream,
Beneath the splendour of their gorgeous sky ;
Encamping, while shot down night's starry gleam,
In piny glades, where their forefathers lie,
Voices would come, and breathing whispers seem
To rouse within the life which may not die :
Begetting valorous deeds and thoughts intense,
And a wild gush of burning eloquence.

If this portraiture of the American natives, North and South,

* See *Adair's History of the American Indians*.

seem too highly pitched, to those who have known the diminished tribes only since their debasement by contact with the vices and sensuality of the white invaders, we have only to turn to the accounts of those who saw them in their fresh glory, when the Spaniards first arrived,—to Columbus, Herrera, Oviedo, Gomara—ay, even to Cortez and his companions; to the words of Peter Martyr: “*Dryades formosissimás, aut nativas fontium nymphas de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.*” “Their forms,” continues the same authority, “were light and graceful, though dusky with the warm hues of the sun; their hair hanging in long raven tresses on their shoulders, unlike the frizzly wool of the Africans, was tastefully braided. Some were painted, and armed with a light bow, or a fishing spear; but their countenances were full of gentleness and kindness.”

Such was the opinion of the North American Indian by West the painter, who saw an image of him in the Apollo Belvidere. Such is the opinion of Captain, since Sir George Head, of the natives of Brazil and Chili. In his *Rough Notes*, he says: “They are as fine a set of men as ever existed, under the circumstances in which they are placed. As to their strength, which we have been taught is deficient, I have seen them in the mines using tools which our miners declared they had not strength to work with, and carrying burthens which no man in England could support.”

Such are the races that Europeans have exterminated as much as possible as inferior. Of their moral qualities, all the discoverers bear testimony to their being far more honourable, hospitable and kind, than their so-called Christian oppressors. Columbus himself exclaims: “This country excels all others as far as the day surpasses the night in splendour. As for the people, they love their neighbours as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable: their faces always smiling, and so gentle and affectionate are they, that I swear to your Highness there is not a better people in the world.”

Once as I had the pleasure of gazing on the South American coast, warm with its tropical hues, and the feathery palm hailing us from the hills, I could not but think in deep sadness of that great mystery of Providence by which this simple race was hidden for ages from the rest of the world, and then suddenly exposed to the hordes of Europe, rabid with thirst of gold.

Much of a Southern Sea they spake,
And of that glorious city won,
Near the setting of the sun,
Throned in a silver lake.
Of seven kings in chains of gold,
And deeds of death by tongue untold—
Deeds such as breathed in secret there,
Had shaken the confessor's chair.—*Rogers.*

As I wandered amongst their hills and plantations gorgeous with the most resplendent flowers, amongst their palm-groves and orange-groves, their fields luscious with the ripe pine-apple, their thickets of melting bananas, above which towered the lofty cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, and saw the swart children of Africa torn from their own country to supply the labour of a half extinct race, I could not help remembering the words of Jeremiah: "Woe is me, my mother, that thou hast born me a man of strife, and a man of contention to the whole earth."

Yet the terrible catastrophe of the invading and desolating race had been for ages revealed to the Mexicans by spiritual agency. It had hung like a huge sorrow over them for generations. Throughout the American nations ancient prophecies prevailed, that a new race was to come in and seize upon the reins of power; and before it the American tribes were to quail and give place. In the islands in Mexico and Peru—far and wide—this mysterious tradition prevailed. Everywhere these terrible people were expected to come from towards the rising of the sun; they were to be completely clad, and to lay waste every country before them,—circumstances so entirely verified in the Spaniards, that the spirit of the Americans died within them at the rumour of their approach, as that of the nations of Canaan at the approach of the Israelites coming with the irresistible power and the awful miracles of God. For ages these prophecies had weighed on the public mind, and had been sung with loud lamentations in their solemn festivals. Cassiva, a great cacique, declared, after much fasting and watching, that one of the Zemi had revealed this terrible event to him. These Zemi were spirits whom they believed to be messengers of God, and of whom, contrary to the practice of the North American Indians, they made little images. Montezuma, though naturally haughty and warlike, on the fulfilment of this ancient prophecy, lost all power of mind, and exhibited nothing but utter vacillation and weakness, whilst Cortez in defiance of his order, was advancing on his capital. When he and his companions appeared at the gates of Mexico, the young exclaimed: "They are gods!" But the old shook their heads, saying: "They are those who were to come and reign over us."

When the Spaniards wanted slaves to work the mines in Hispaniola, they availed themselves of the faith in a paradise to which they went after death, to inveigle away the natives of the Lucaya Isles. They told them that they had discovered the paradise of their friends and ancestors, and were come to carry them thither in their ships. What a tale is that of the wrongs of this unhappy race at the hands of pretended Christians! But let us turn from the dark history to the pleasant task of noticing how,

through all, they have clung to the spiritual gifts and nature of their forefathers, and after an experience enough to have blackened all the heavens and shut out the vision of them, they still, though amongst much darkness and superstition, retain their kinship with the invisible.

Kohl, the German traveller, has given us a complete picture of the spirit-life of the Ojibbeway Indians in his *Kitchi Gami; Wanderings round Lake Superior*. He describes their manner of life, and enters into all their sentiments with an honest sympathy which credits much, and, without comment, tolerates more. He describes their charms and medicine-bags, without ridiculing them, and so as to leave us doubtful whether they have the powers which their owners attribute to them. To their medicine-bags, which contain a variety of things appearing to us very trumpery, they themselves ascribe much spiritual power. They have written signs and charms, made on birch bark, which they believe, having been duly prepared by the medicine-men, to have a wonderful efficacy in enabling them to secure game, and would think their rifle and ammunition of little value without them. They have all the faith of the ancient Hebrews in dreams, and seek disclosures from them on important occasions, but through severe fasting and prayer. Their youths, at a certain age, seek, by fasting and watching, the dream of their life—that is, to discover in a dream the future course and character of their existence—and they firmly believe in the realization of it; and from the character of this dream, they generally assume a new name. There are several relations of these life-dreams, but they are too long for quotation. We select the mode by which they are obtained, as illustrative of the general custom.

EXTRACTS FROM "KITCHI GAMI."

Agabe-gijik, or the cloud, said "Kitchi-Manitou (the good spirit) sent us our Midés from the east, and his prophets laid it down as a law that we should lead our children into the forest as soon as they approach man's estate, and show them how they must fast, and direct their thoughts to higher things; and in return it is promised us that a dream shall then be sent them as a revelation of their fate—a confirmation of their vocation—a consecration and devotion to deity, and an external remembrance and good omen for their path of life.

"I remember that my grandfather, when I was a half-grown lad, frequently said to my father in the course of the winter, 'Next spring it will be time for us to lead the lad into the forest and leave him to fast.' But nothing came of it that spring; but when the next spring arrived, my grandfather took me on one side and said to me, 'It is now high time that I should lead thee

to the forest, and thou shouldest fast, that thy mind may be confirmed, something be done for thy health, and that thou mayst learn thy future and thy calling.'

"The grandfather then took me by the hand, and led me deep into the forest. Here he selected a lofty tree, a red pine, and prepared a bed for me in the branches, on which I should lie down to fast. We cut down the bushes and twined them through the pine branches. Then I plucked moss, with which I covered the trellis work, threw a mat my mother had made for the occasion over it, and myself on the top of it. I was also permitted to fasten a few branches together over my head, as a sort of protection from wind and rain.

"Then my grandfather said to me that I must on no account take nourishment, neither eat nor drink, pluck no berries, nor even swallow the rain water that might fall. Nor must I rise from my bed, but lie quite still day and night, keep by myself strictly, and await patiently the things that would then happen.

"I promised my grandfather this, but, unfortunately, I did not keep my promise. For three days I bore the lying, and hunger, and thirst; but when I descended from the tree into the grass on the fourth day, I saw the acid and refreshing leaves of a little herb growing near the tree. I could not resist it, but plucked the leaves and ate them. And when I had eaten them my craving grew so great that I walked about the forest and sought all the edible sprigs, plants, mosses, and herbs I could find, and ate my fill. Then I crept home, and confessed all to my grandfather and father.

"Wert thou not severely punished?" I interposed.

"Not further than that they reprov'd me, and told me I had done wrong, at which I felt ashamed; and as I had broken my fast, it was all over with my dream, and I must try again next spring; I might now have been a man, but would remain for another year a useless fellow, which was a disgrace at my age."

At this point of the conversation the Cloud explained that they placed the bed of the dreamers in a tree because of the Matchi-Manitou, or evil spirit, which they imagined has most influence on the ground, and shows it in toads, snakes, and other venomous reptiles. He said that the boys were warned that as soon as a nightmare, or bad dream, oppressed them, to return home, and then try again and again till the right dream came. The next attempt that the Cloud made was by going alone into the forest and making his bed on a small island in a lake. He described the place to his friends that they might find him when necessary. He had a friend also going through the same process in the same locality, but two or three miles off. It could not have been very warm lodging, for the ice on the lake was so

strong that he walked across it, and made his bed on a red pine tree at the usual elevation of about twenty feet from the ground. He then continues :—" The three or four first days were as terrible to me as at the first time, and I could not sleep at nights for hunger and thirst. But I overcame it, and on the *fifth* day I felt no more annoyance. I fell into a dreamy and half paralysed state, and went to sleep. But only my body slept, my soul was free and awake.

" In the first nights nothing appeared to me ; all was quiet : but on the *ninth* I heard rustling and waving in the branches. It was like a heavy bear or elk breaking through the thickened forest. I was greatly afraid. I thought there were too many of them, and I made preparations for flight. But the man who approached me, who ever he may have been, read my thoughts and saw my fear at a distance, so he came towards me more and more gently, and rested quite noiselessly on the branches over my head. Then he began to speak to me, and asked me, ' Art thou afraid, my son ? ' ' No,' I replied, ' I no longer fear.' ' Why art thou here in this tree ? ' ' To fast.' ' Why dost thou fast ? ' ' To gain strength, and know my life.' ' That is good, for it agrees excellently with what is now being done for thee elsewhere, and with the message I bring thee. This very night a consultation has been held about thee and thy welfare ; and I have come to tell thee that the decision was most favourable. I am ordered to invite thee to see and hear this for thyself. Follow me ! '"

" Did the spirit say this aloud ? "

THE CLOUD.—" No, it was no common conversation. Nor do I believe that I spoke aloud. We looked into each other's hearts, and guessed and gazed on our mutual thoughts and sensations. When he ordered me to follow him, I rose from my bed easily and of my own accord, like a spirit rising from the grave, and followed him through the air. The spirit floated as before me to the east, and though we were moving through the air, I stepped as firmly as if I were on the ground, and it seemed to me as if we were ascending a lofty mountain, and higher and higher eastward."

In the regions to which he was conducted he was introduced to four white-haired old men, sitting under a splendid canopy, who approved of him, and gave him power, in consequence of his high spiritual tendencies, to be a successful hunter, and live to a great and honourable age, all of which have been fulfilled. When he returned to his body he had been ten days without food, and his exhaustion was such that he could not move ; but his grandfather came just in time to save him. He was carried home, and restored with nourishing food.

In this account there are several circumstances worthy of note. In it, as in all the modes of procuring pure dreams, the body is reduced till the mind becomes liberated from its domination, and clairvoyant. In the spiritual state into which he entered in his trance, he describes seeing the whole compass of the sky at a glance; and he tells us that he and the spirits amongst whom he went had no want of words, they read each other's thoughts and sensations. Now this poor Indian had neither read Swedenborg nor the writings of the Spiritualists; yet in all these points he perfectly agrees with them. The liberation of the spirit from the despotism of the flesh by abstinence and watching, the vast horizon of a spirit eye, and the thought-reading of spirits are all facts asserted by Swedenborg, the Spiritualists, and these Indians alike, and without any communication—a reciprocal proof that they are facts. There are numbers of these dream experiences. But now for another curious extract:—

“The Indians have, for a lengthened period, been great Spiritualists, ghost-seers, table-rappers, and perhaps, too, magnetizers, which we educated Europeans have only recently become or returned to. The lodge which their jossakids or prophets, or, as the Canadians term them, jongleurs, erect for their incantations is composed of stout posts, connected with basket-work, and covered with birch-bark. It is tall and narrow, and resembles a chimney; it is very firmly built, and two men, even if exerting their utmost strength, would be unable to move, shake, or bend it; it is so narrow that a man who crawls in has scarcely room to move about in it.

“Thirty years ago,” a gentleman told me, who had lived much amongst the Indians and was even related to them through his wife, “I was present at the incantation and performance of a jossakid in one of these lodges. I saw the man creep into the hut, which was about ten feet high, after swallowing a mysterious potion made of a root. He immediately began singing and beating the drum in his basket-work chimney. The entire case began gradually trembling and shaking, and oscillating slowly amid great noise. The more the necromancer sung and drummed, the more violent the oscillations of the long case became. It bent backward and forwards, up and down, like the mast of a vessel caught in a storm and tossed on the waves. I could not understand how these movements could be produced by a man inside, as we could not have caused them from the exterior.

“The drum ceased, and the jossakid yelled that ‘The spirits were coming over him.’ We then heard, through the noise, and cracking, and oscillations of the hut, two voices speaking inside, one above, the other below. The lower one asked questions,

which the upper one answered. Both voices seemed entirely different, and I believed I could explain them by very clever ventriloquism. Some Spiritualists amongst us, however, explained it through modern Spiritualism, and asserted that the Indian jossakids had speaking media, in addition to those known to us, which rapped, wrote and drew. . . .

"Thirty years later, the Indian had become a Christian, and was on his death-bed. 'Uncle,' said I to him, recalling that circumstance; 'Uncle, dost thou remember prophesying to us in thy lodge thirty years ago, and astonishing us not only by thy discourse, but by the movements of thy prophet-lodge? . . . Now thou art old, and hast become a Christian; thou art sick, and canst not live much longer; tell me, then, how and through what means thou didst deceive us?'

"My sick Indian replied:—'I have become a Christian, I am old, I am sick, I cannot live much longer, and I can do no other than speak the truth. Believe me, I did not deceive you at that time. I did not move the lodge; it was shaken by the power of the spirits. Nor did I speak with a double tongue; I only repeated to you what the spirits said to me. I heard their voices. The top of the lodge was full of them, *and before me the sky and wide lands lay expanded. I could see a great distance round me; and I believed I could recognise the most distant objects.*' The old dying jossakid said this with such an expression of simple truth and firm conviction, that it seemed to me, at least, that he did not believe himself a deceiver, and believed in the efficacy of his magic arts and the reality of his visions."

Here is another remarkable case of clairvoyance. An Indian, named Peter Jones, was descended from a family which had lived on Lake Superior long before the white men came. "I asked him," says Kohl, "who first brought information regarding the whites. 'No one,' he said, had brought the news, and no one had described these strangers to the Ojibbeways; but when the white men—the French—came up the Lower St. Lawrence, one of his forefathers, who was a great jossakid, immediately had a dream, in which he saw something most highly astonishing, namely, the arrival of the white men.

The seer busied himself for days, and very earnestly, with his dream. He fasted, took vapour baths, shut himself up apart from the rest in his prophet-lodge, and did penance in such an unusual manner that it caused a great excitement in the tribe, and people asked each other what would be the end of it all? Whether it meant a universal war with the Sioux, or a great famine, a very productive hunting-season, or something else equally grand? At length, when the old prophet had examined into everything carefully, and had the whole story arranged, he

summoned the other jossakids and Midés, and the Ogimas (chieftains) of the tribe, and revealed to them that something most astounding had happened.

Then he told them that men of a perfectly strange race had come across the great water to their island—America. Their complexions were as white as snow, and their faces were surrounded by a long bushy beard. He also described to them exactly the wondrously large canoes in which they had sailed across the big sea, and the sails and masts of the ships, and their iron corslets, long knives, guns, and cannon, whose fire and tremendous explosion had filled him with terror even in his dreams and convulsions. His clairvoyance extended to the smallest details, and he described exactly how the boucan—smoke—ascended from their long tubes into the air, just as it did from the Indian pipes.

This story of the old jossakid, who spent a good half-day in telling it, was listened to by the others in dumb amazement; and they agreed on immediately preparing an expedition of several canoes, and sending a deputation along the lakes and the great river to the eastward, which could examine these matters on the spot, and make a report on them to the tribe. This resolution was carried out. The deputies voyaged for weeks and months, through the lands of many friendly tribes, who knew nothing, as yet, of the arrival of the white men, probably because they had not such clairvoyant prophets and dreamers amongst them as the gifted man on the Anse.

When the deputies from the Anse at length came to the lower regions of the river, they found one evening a clearing in the forest where the trees, even the largest, had been cut down quite smoothly. They camped here, and inspected the marvels more closely. They examined the stumps of the trees, which seemed to have been cut through by the teeth of a colossal beaver. They had never seen such a thing before, and their jossakid explained to them that this must have been a camping-place of the white men, and that the trees had been probably felled with the long knives he saw in his dream. This circumstance—the trees having been cut down with such ease, in such numbers—filled the poor savages with terror, and tremendous respect for the white men, and gave them the first tangible impression of their superiority. With their stone-headed axes they could not achieve such feats.

They also found long, rolled-up shavings, which not one of them was able to account for, and they thrust them, as something most extraordinary, into their ears and hair. They also examined very carefully the pieces of gay calico and woollen rags the French had left behind them, at their camping-ground.

and fastened them round their heads, as if they were magical productions.

Thus bedizened, they at length came up with the French, among whom they found everything: the long ships, the long knives, the bushy beards and pale faces, just as their prophet had seen them in his dream, and described them. They were very kindly received, and dismissed with rich presents of coloured cloth and pieces of calico.

This was a splendid piece of spiritual revelation. There are other indications of ancient traditions in Kohl's account, bearing singularly on the Scriptural history. They have not cities of refuge like the Hebrews, but they have various places of refuge. Kohl heard of such an asylum on Leech Lake. That murderers could flee to these places of refuge, and were there sacred from pursuit. He heard that the murderer of a governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, from the Red River, was living in security in such a place. It is clear too that they have traditions of the Saviour: "Paradise, they say, was made by Menaboju. He aided the Great Spirit in the creation of the world, and at first neither of them thought of a Paradise. Men, such was their decree, were to be happy on the earth, and find satisfaction in this life; but, as the evil spirit interfered, and produced wickedness, illness, death and misfortunes of every description amongst them, the poor souls wandered about deserted and hopeless. When the Great Spirit saw this, he grieved for them, and ordered Menaboju to prepare a Paradise for them in the West, where they might assemble. Menaboju made it very beautiful, and he was himself appointed to receive them there." (p. 216) It may be imagined that the Christian missionaries introduced these ideas amongst them; but the singularity is that the missionaries themselves found them on their first arrival amongst them.

It is equally singular that they have received from the most ancient times, several of the spells of witchcraft. "When they wish a neighbour grief, death, or anything unlucky, they make a small image of wood, which represents their enemy or victim; take a needle and pierce holes in the figure in the head or region of the heart, or wherever they desire their foe to suffer. If he is to die of it, they bury the image with certain magic spells, and place four red pegs on the grave. At times they will burn the victim in effigy. If he really die, they boast of it, as a proof of their supernatural power."

They treat diseases the same that they wish to destroy. They make a human figure, or phantom of clothes stuffed with straw, to represent the disease or evil spirit that occasions it, carry this to their medicine-lodge and shoot arrows at it, in the presence of the sick man, till it is reduced to atoms. Such practices, Kohl

says, abound amongst the Pillagers, and other remote Ojibbeways, on the Upper Mississippi, as well as on Lake Superior.

Thus have these primitive children of the forest Spiritualism amongst them, descended from the most remote ages; and which has still retained some of its purer element, but in other respects has degenerated into the impure. In some instances it ascends into religion, in others it descends into downright sorcery. But the modern Spiritualist will not fail to perceive how genuine are its manifestations and its characteristics. The reading of each man's thoughts by spirits, the vast horizon presented by clairvoyance, and the necessity of giving the spirit freedom from the flesh by abstinence and prayer, are diagnoses of the power recognizable by all the initiated as genuine and permanent truths.

Longfellow, in his poem of *Hiawatha*, founds his machinery confessedly on the statements of Mr. Schoolcraft in his *Algonic Researches*, and his *History, Conditions, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of North America*. These completely agree with the accounts of Kohl. We have the same spiritual phenomena, the same visions, dreams, ancient legends, and prophecies. Hiawatha, in fact, is but another name for Menaboju, the divine person, who, like Christ, takes the human form to work benefits to the Indians. He has his fasting in the forest in his youth, and the same messages from heaven to inform him of his future career.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle,
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage to the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,
Built a wigwam in the forest,
By the shining big-sea water,
In the blythe and pleasant spring-time,
In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
And with dreams and visions many,
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the fourth day of his fasting the heavenly messenger appears, and says:—

From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you
How by struggle and by labour,
You shall gain what you have prayed for.

As in Kohl, so in Hiawatha, we have abundance of magic and its effects, Hiawatha, too,

In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,

All the art of picture-writing
On the smooth back of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the rein-deer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

Hiawatha, like Christ, is assaulted by the devils :—

In those days the Evil Spirits,
All the Manitos of Mischief,
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,
And his love for Chibiabos ;
Jealous of their faithful friendship
And their noble words and actions,
Made at length a league against them,
To molest them, and destroy them.

During a great famine we have ghosts appearing, by the evening firelight :—

Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted ;
Brightly glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,
As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway uninvited
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low amongst the shadows.

And a mysterious voice says—

These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt you,
From the kingdom of Pomona,
From the land of the Hereafter.

Before they leave, they give Hiawatha a piece of good advice, exactly such as spirits have repeatedly given to Spiritualists amongst ourselves :—

Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands :
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you ;—
No one knows us, no one heeds us.
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place amongst the living.

Think of this, O Hiawatha !
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and for ever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

These extracts are sufficient from a book so well known as *Hiawatha*. The poem is full of such spiritual matter, which the poet has only adapted from the matter-of-fact historian. They are a striking testimony to the existence of that spiritual life

amongst the aborigines of the vast western world, which every age and every nation and every class of men has claimed, except modern Protestants. Protestantism, to protest against the errors of Rome in adulterating and falsifying the miraculous, has cut the cable of its belief in the supernal, and has consequently now drifted into that poor, childish, heartless and rootless thing called Rationalism. Protestantism—the Roman Catholics have always said “Is but a slippery highway to Deism.” *Ecce Signum* in *Essays and Reviews*—the wretched re-cooking of old German sapless neology, now upwards of eighty years old in that country, and as decrepid as old. Has not Spiritualism now found its answer to the cries of *Cui bono*? Are not the FACTS of Spiritualism the direct and the only possible answer to the miserable negations of scientific and theologic men? For my part, when I hear the arguments of these learned people, and see such rubbish as *Essays and Reviews* picked from the old dust heaps, where German professors have thrown their worn-out pipes and boots and notions, and behold them foisted on an English public as something new and philosophical, I cannot help exclaiming: “What donkies are these people who are denying the existence of what they may see almost any day at their next neighbour’s!”

MADAME GUYON.

DR. COLLYER has furnished us with a letter received from a friend in 1843, which shews that in some progressive and open minds the connexion could even then be seen between the phenomena of so-called mesmerism and the higher spiritual experiences and manifestations of deep-souled men and women. We have much pleasure in preserving so valuable a link in the history of Spiritualism.

May 30th, 1843.

Dear Sir,—In fulfilment of my promise, I offer you the following extracts from the life of the pious Madame Guyon, a French Catholic, who lived contemporary with Archbishop Fenelon, whose favour and confidence she long enjoyed. Madame Guyon wrote her own life at the instance of her spiritual director or confessor, and although her pretensions may appear of the superlative order, there is no evidence in her writings of the least pride, vanity, or self-complacency. If the extracts I offer prove of any interest to you, I shall be repaid for the trouble of transcribing them.

Yours very respectfully,

To Dr. Collyer.

B. W. BOWER.

“During my extraordinary sickness, the Lord gradually taught me that there was another manner of conversing among souls wholly his, than by speech. I learned then a language which before had been unknown to me. I gradually perceived, when Father La Combe entered, that I could speak no more; and that there was formed in my soul the same kind of silence towards him, as was formed in it with regard to God. I comprehended that God was willing to shew me that men might in this life learn the language of angels. I was gradually reduced to speak to him only in silence. It was then that we understood each other in God, after a manner unutterable and all divine. At first this was done in a manner so perceptible, that is to say, God penetrated us with himself in a manner so pure and sweet, that we passed hours in this profound silence, always communicative, without being able to utter one word. It was in this that we learned, by our own experience, the operations of the heavenly word to reduce souls into unity with itself, and what purity one may arrive at in this life. It was given me to communicate this way to other good souls, but with this difference, that I did nothing but communicate to them the grace with which they were filled, while near me, in this sacred silence, which infused into them an extraordinary strength and grace; but I received nothing from them—whereas, with Father La Combe, there was a flow and return of communication of grace, which he received from me, and I from him, in the greatest purity.

“All those who are my true children are drawn in their minds at once to continue in silence when with me; and I have the like tendency to impart to them in silence what God gives me for them. In this silence I discover their wants and failings, and communicate to them in an abundant plenitude according to their necessities. When once they have tasted of this manner of communication, every other becomes burthensome to them. As for me, when I make use of speech, or the pen, with souls, I do it only on account of their weakness, and because either they are not pure enough for the interior communication, or because it is yet needful to use condescension, or for the regulation of outward affairs.

“It was in this ineffable silence that I comprehended the manner in which Jesus Christ communicated himself to his most familiar friends, and the communication of St. John, when leaning on his Lord’s bosom at the Supper of the Passover. It was not the first time that he had seated himself that way—and it was because he was most proper to receive those communications, being the disciple of love.

“I began to discover, especially with Father La Combe, that the interior communication was carried on—even when he was

afar off, as well as when he was near. Sometimes our Lord made me stop short when in the midst of my occupations, and I was favoured with such a flow of grace, as that which I felt when with him—which I have also experienced with many others, though not in a like degree; but more or less feeling their infidelities, and knowing their faults by inconceivable impressions, without ever having been mistaken therein.”

“To the above extracts many more might be added. Those quoted above are from Cruikshank’s edition of the translation of *Lady Guyon’s Life*, printed in Philadelphia, 1804—pages 296, 297, 298, 299, and 301. The religious or spiritual attainments of this lady may have some connection with the clairvoyant state—and as she wrote altogether with a religious reference, and lived in the 17th century, before mesmerism was treated of in Europe, the coincidence or correspondence seems to be the more wonderful, and would seem to have a tendency towards establishing the fact that there may be something of a clairvoyant state incident to the economy of our nature. Lady Guyon had, perhaps, by her sufferings and trials, entered upon a state not entirely foreign to the principles known as mesmerism. She professes, I think, deadness to the world in a spiritual or metaphysical sense.”

ISAAC WALTON AND DR. DONNE.

WE gladly recognise the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge as an ally in the good work of disseminating records of Spiritualistic phenomena. From an edition of quaint old Isaac Walton’s *Life of Dr. Donne*, published by the above-mentioned society, we extract the following interesting narrative:—

“At this time of Mr. Donne’s and his wife’s living in Sir Robert’s house, the Lord Hay was by King James sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French King, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French Court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution to subject Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, *her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence*; and, therefore, desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really

to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasion for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London, and were, the twelfth day, got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he, and some friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstasy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch, that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer; but, after a long and perplexed pause did at last say, 'I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you. I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you.' To which, Sir Robert replied, 'Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake.' To which, Mr. Donne's reply was, 'I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and I am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped, and looked me in the face and vanished.' Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he induced Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account: That he found, and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber."

After justifying his belief in the supernatural character of this occurrence on *à priori* grounds—and also by adducing somewhat analogous events from history, sacred and profane—Isaac Walton adds further:—

"More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief; but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare, that though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me (now long since) by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseverations, that (to say nothing of my own thought) I verily believe he that told it me did himself believe it to be true."

CHANGING VIEW AS TO THE MIRACLES OF THE BIBLE.

IN a sermon on "The Present Relations of Science to Religion," preached last July before the University of Oxford, during the meeting of the British Association, by the Rev. Frederick Temple, head-master of Rugby School, and one of the writers of "Essays and Reviews," there occurs the following passage. "The fact is that one idea is now emerging into supremacy in science, a supremacy which it never possessed before, and for which it has still to fight a battle; and that is the idea of law. Different orders of natural phenomena have in time past been held to be exempt from that idea, either tacitly or avowedly. The weather, thunder and lightning, the crops of the earth, the progress of disease, whether over a country, or in an individual, these have been considered as regulated by some special interference, even when it was already known that the recurrence of the seasons, the motions of the planets, the periodic winds, and other phenomena of the same kind were subject to invariable laws. But the steady march of science has now reached the point when men are tempted, or rather compelled, to jump at once to a universal conclusion; all analogy points one way and none another. The student of science is learning to look upon fixed laws as universal, and many of the old arguments are in consequence rapidly disappearing. How strikingly altered is our view from that of a few centuries ago, is shewn by the fact that the miracles recorded in the Bible, which were once looked on as the bulwarks of the faith, are now felt by very many to be difficulties in their way; and commentators endeavour to represent them not as interferences with the laws of nature, but as the natural action of still higher laws, belonging to a world whose phenomena are only half revealed to us."

The ground here proclaimed as taken by the most enlightened

expositors of the Christian faith, has caused no small satisfaction to believers in the occurrence at the present day of spiritual phenomena through the action of unproven law, for if the miracles recorded in the Bible are now beginning to be viewed as effects of law, it must be admitted, wherever they are so viewed, that similar phenomena may and ought to be looked for at all periods. The consequence will doubtless be that a multitude of facts hitherto discredited as incompatible with the laws of nature, will appear in a different aspect, that attention to them will be awakened, testimony in reference to them no longer set aside, and ere long we may hear it proclaimed in high places, that a new idea is emerging into the light of science—the idea that communication between mankind and the spirits of the departed—communication governed by laws yet unknown, takes place now, as it has ever done wherever the requisite conditions are present.

We may well anticipate that this idea will be the starting point of a great movement of the human mind, that it will usher in a new era in the history of the world, that when spiritual phenomena are found to be part of the order of nature, and susceptible therefore of inductive inquiry, we may by degrees arrive at a knowledge of the laws governing our relations with the spirit world, with which communion will in consequence become finally unobstructed and complete.

It is gratifying to think that it is from that very quarter, whence opposition to the spiritual phenomena is now most strongly offered, that their confirmation and further development may be looked for.* Step by step has science herself led the way to the confines of another realm, ere long we may hope she will unbar the portals through which light from that realm has hitherto struggled with faint or refracted rays.

Analogy strengthens anticipation as to an increase of spiritual light at no distant date, for we live, as is constantly remarked, in times of which the progressive movement is of unprecedented rapidity. In some departments the advance made within a brief period is startlingly conspicuous, while in others, though slower and less obvious, we may yet note the fairer outlines of the future beginning to steal over and to define themselves on the somewhat dissolving features of the present. Such being the case, it is but reasonable to infer that, closely linked and interwoven as are all the parts of the great whole, one, and that the most important province of human knowledge, will not alone long remain unchanged.

V.

* The "Physics.—Physiological Researches on the Imponderables in their Relation to the Vital Force," by Baron Reichenbach, especially will, there is reason to believe, lead to discovery of some of the laws governing the spiritual phenomena.

INTERNAL RESPIRATION.

WITH all our philosophy, science, and sermons, how little do we yet know of human nature! On the one hand, our metaphysicians, while they affirm the independent existence and superior dignity of the soul in comparison with the physical frame of man, yet, when they come to treat of it, at once subtract from it almost every known quality or property, leaving only as a remainder a poor, pitiful "metaphysical entity," which they call "the thinking principle," a "pure simplicity," a "substance which has no parts, and no extension, and is circumscribed by no place;" "and which may be likened to a point which has no dimensions." If from these laboured and dreary efforts to extract cucumbers from moonbeams we turn for relief to our men of science, who have made man, or rather the body of man their special study, we shall find that, working from the opposite pole, they have reached the same centre of negation with a circum-bendibus—that while the metaphysicians have carefully abstracted from soul everything like body or substance, the physiologists have, for the most part, been equally diligent in eliminating everything like spirit, till in their ultimate analysis man seems compounded only of germ-cells and dust, operated on by chemical, electric, and magnetic forces. They would bring to light the laws of life by the study of corpses. They regard man either from the fishy point of view, or, as a study in engineering and carpentry—a machine of valves, and pulleys, and drain-pipes, a curiously contrived locomotive and self-adjusting apparatus; one, which you have but to take to pieces, and examine its different parts, and how they are put together, and work in harmony, and when you have done *that*, you know all that is or can be known about it. So long as either of these parties holds the leading-strings of public opinion, we fear that man will remain a sphynx's riddle, of which little will be read—and that little not very consolatory.

Instead of regarding man as simply an animal machine, or, "a monad, indivisible and unextended," which has no body, and "can exist nowhere," we prefer to follow the Scriptures, and the seers of all ages, who affirm that the essential man is a spirit-man, having all the organs and faculties proper to man, and destined to live in a world of corresponding realities in the future life as well as in the present; and who, while in this world, is clothed upon with a material body, adapted to his material surroundings, but not to be understood by any mere study of the body, any more than the body itself could be understood by a study of its clothes. We might, indeed, on *à priori* grounds alone, expect that there would be a fitness between them; (were

it otherwise, they could not work together) and, accordingly, we find that there are wonderful correspondences of volition and muscular action, of the affections and the heart, of thought and respiration. Before we can have a sound physiology, we must have a true psychology;—one which will recognize the intimate relation between spirit, soul, and body, without confounding them, or mistaking the clay tenement which man temporarily inhabits for the man himself. The student herein may find great help from Dr. Wilkinson's work on "The Human Body and its connexion with Man," in which the correspondences to which we have adverted, and others, are opened out with considerable fulness and ability. It is only to one department of the subject, —the connection between thought and respiration, and to certain remarkable experiences of different persons in relation thereto, that we would now invite a brief attention.

The writer just named says, "Let any reader think for a moment of what he experiences when he breathes, and attend to the act. He will find that his whole frame heaves and subsides at the time; face, chest, stomach, and limbs, are all actuated by his respiration. His sense is that not only his lungs but his entire body breathes. . . . But furthermore, thought commences and corresponds with respiration. The reader has before attended to the presence of heaving over the body; now let him *feel his thoughts*, and he will see that they, too, heave with the mass. When he entertains a long thought, he draws a long breath; when he thinks quickly, his breath vibrates with rapid alternations; when the tempest of anger shakes his mind, his breath is tumultuous; when his soul is deep and tranquil, so is his respiration; when success inflates him, his lungs are as tumid as his conceits. Let him make trial of the contrary: let him endeavour to think in long stretches at the same time that he breathes in fits, and he will find that it is impossible: that in this case the chopping lungs will mince his thoughts."

So Swedenborg says: "If we carefully attend to profound thoughts, we shall find that *when we draw breath*, a host of ideas rush from beneath as through an opened door into the sphere of thought; whereas, *when we hold the breath*, and slowly let it out, we deeply keep the while in the tenor of our thought, and communicate as it were with the higher faculty of the soul; as I have observed in my own person times out of number. Retaining or holding back the breath is equivalent to holding intercourse with the soul: attracting or drawing it amounts to intercourse with the body." Let us also note what he says in his *Diary* (n. 3,464): That there are many species of respirations, producing for their subjects divers introductions to the spiritual and angelic persons with whom the lungs *conspire*; that accord-

ing as the breath continues or ceases, the man dies back for the time into the inward life, meets its inhabitants and explores their scenes.

If this intimate connexion between thought and respiration be allowed, it would seem reasonable to believe that an abnormal or exceptional development of spiritual faculties may be accompanied with a corresponding *differentia* in the respiratory system; and if facts tending to shew that it is so are presented to us, we ought, however strange they may seem, to give them a fair and candid hearing!

Many of those who attended Mr. Harris's recent preaching in London, must have been startled by his statements that he had experienced an opening of the internal respiratories, or spiritual lungs, and that through the inbreathing of the spiritual and celestial and divine atmospheres thus effected, he was able to hold converse with spirits and angels, and receive divine communications. In one of his sermons on *The Millennial Age*, delivered at the Marylebone Institution, February, 1860, he remarks, that "the act of conversion which is effected by the Divine Spirit, because man has a spiritual organization, is attended with a certain change in the condition of the organization of the inner man. . . . Man's respirations in the lungs of the spirit, are according to his emotional states. When the Spirit of God is dealing with a man's heart, and pleading for truth and righteousness till the man verily feels that he ought to give himself to God, then, . . . the Lord Christ, who fills the universal atmosphere of heaven with his breath, breathes into the spiritual lungs of that repentant sinner. The gift of the Holy Spirit is imparted. The Lord Christ breathes into his lungs,—not into the natural lungs, but the spiritual lungs; the man then inhales the atmosphere which descends from the affections of the Deity, and takes into himself the Holy Ghost." He considers that "the highest Christian philosophy and scholarship, the most indubitable Christian insight demonstrates this fact: that the first men breathed by inhaling, into the spiritual lungs, the breath of God, which then descended outwards into the natural lungs, and clothing itself, for its body, with the atmospheric air, became the force of respiration to the external creature." Had man remained in an unfallen state "the processions of the Divine thoughts would have descended from the higher or spiritual to the lower or rational consciousness, and all would have been of one speech of love, and of one faith of life. The revelations of divine order and virtue, now contained in the Holy Scriptures, would have been inwrought in the heart of every living, breathing, human creature." He believes that in the coming "Millennial Age" man will be restored to this condition, and that with "the

restitution of all things, spoken of by all God's holy prophets since the world began" there will be a "re-opening of the universal respiratories of the race," "the effect of this will be to open the spiritual eyes; to open the spiritual ears; to revive, or quicken, or unfold, or perpetuate the spiritual senses; to bring us sensationally as to the spirit into a knowledge of the invisible, the higher world."

Mr. Harris, in glowing language, pictures the effects this will have upon the church and the world; but into these speculations it is not our province to enter. We have only cited the foregoing passages as introductory to the statement he gives of his own personal experience; and to which we specially invite the reader's attention. Speaking of himself, he says:—

I knew a man upon the other continent who, ten years ago, this night, was preaching according to the highest of his perceptions to a cultured and highly gifted people. He was taken away from them, at the sacrifice of every personal feeling, and interest, and pride. After undergoing mysterious experiences, which, at that time, he could not fathom, and, perhaps, in this world, never may, he felt all natural respiration cease—felt the opening of the internal and spiritual lungs—felt the descent of the divine fire slowly into the external degrees of the body, and, finally, was re-established in this condition of internal or spiritual respiration, continued into the natural form. I know this to be a fact,—and I also know it to be a fact that the result of this was the opening of the internal and spiritual degree of the mind, of the internal and spiritual sense,—the descent of the spiritual influences, from the inmost of the body, to the very feet. I know it to be a fact that the Spirit of God, working through that man, has overpowered demons,—cast out evil spirits from persons who, physically, and utterly, and helplessly, were at their control.

I know it to be a fact; and more, that there are indications of the return of respiration continued from the Lord into the spiritual lungs, and from the spiritual lungs into the natural, not on the part of one individual, but of numbers. I could now, were it in order, narrate such facts concerning the beginning of the return of respiration as would make a record the most sublime, and, at the same time, the most terrible, the most cheering to the good, the most appalling to those fixed in evil, of any book that has been written since the canon of Revelation closed.

To most readers a statement of this kind will appear conclusive evidence if not of imposture, certainly of fanaticism, or fantasy, or downright insanity. Even the illustrious Swedenborg, while his great and scientific attainments, logical method, and strict veracity remain unchallenged, has not escaped the charge of insanity for claiming to be the subject of a precisely similar experience. Nevertheless, let us hear what he says about it. These are his words:—"My respiration has been so formed by the Lord, as to enable me to breathe inwardly for a long period of time, without the aid of the external air, my respiration being directed within, and my outward senses, as well as actions, still continuing in their vigour, which is only possible with persons who have been so formed by the Lord. . . . I have also been instructed, that my breathing was so directed, without my being aware of it, in order to enable me to be with spirits, and to speak

with them." And this he affirms himself to have done "not in any state of mind asleep, but in a state of full wakefulness." Towards the close of life, he wrote, "It has pleased the Lord to manifest himself unto me; he has opened the interiors of my mind and spirit, by virtue of which privilege it has been granted to me to be in the spiritual world with angels, and at the same time in the natural world with men, and this now for twenty-eight years." Swedenborg taught, as Harris now teaches, that this spiritual breathing continued into the natural was common to the primitive men of the most ancient church, signified by Adam; but that as they declined into evil their breathing became more and more external. Whatever we may think of this, we must bear in mind, when Swedenborg speaks of his own experience, that he was not only a philosopher and theologian, but a sound, practical physiologist, perhaps, the most distinguished of any in his day, and that he affirms his experience, not only as a psychological but as also a physiological fact.

In the case of Harris, too, we find his statements corroborated by physiological science. In a recent pamphlet, "Spiritualism, Swedenborg and the New Church: by Edward Brotherton," in a valuable chapter on "Respiration," we meet the following:—

As I have had frequent opportunities of private intercourse with him, (Harris) I am satisfied that he possesses a mode of breathing of a nature widely differing from that of any other person I have ever known. The phenomena are so peculiar that I cannot venture on an attempt to describe them. It is only occasionally, when some change of state takes place that this peculiar breathing is manifest, and never in his public ministrations. The breaths are sometimes of an incredible length and volume. But at other times, in states of trance, the breath seems entirely suspended for long periods, as though life had ceased.

Knowing that Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson had attended Mr. Harris professionally while he was in London, I wrote to him, when contemplating the present publication, asking him for any information on the subject of Mr. Harris's peculiar states of respiration which he thought proper to give. At the same time I asked him one or two questions respecting the fragment of a Diary of Swedenborg, only lately discovered, written in Swedish, of which he (Dr. W.) has made an English translation for the Rev. A. Clissold, who has presented it to the Swedenborg Society. From previous information respecting this fragment, which consists chiefly of dreams, and bears that name, I had put down two statements, and I asked Dr. W. whether I should be justified in publicly stating them. They were as follows:—

1st. That Swedenborg passed, in 1743—1744, when his spiritual opening commenced, through states such as are described by Wesleyans and other evangelical Christians, as conviction and conversion.

2nd. That the phenomena of respiration described by Swedenborg as his own experience were of the same kind, but not so perfect or powerful in degree, as those which are apparent in Mr. Harris.

The following are extracts from his reply, dated August 23rd, 1860:—

"The two positions which you affirm with regard to Swedenborg's *Dreams*, are exactly true: this little book contains a record of the pangs of Swedenborg's conviction of sin, and of his conversion. It is evangelical in the best Scriptural, and also in the modern technical sense; and contains, in my opinion, higher truths of faith than the *Doctrine of Faith for the New Jerusalem*, which he afterwards published."—"In fact, these *Dreams* are, *par excellence*, the spiritual record in all Swedenborg's career. All else is science, rising from mathematics

to reals, from the world to the body, from the body to the soul, from the soul to heaven, and from heaven to the humanity of the Lord, a process of science with a divine accident of seership, carrying it beyond the mundane sphere. But this little book is influx, and instead of an unsleeping schoolmaster, you see a penitent sinner on his knees.

"During many medical visits to Mr. Harris, it became necessary on one occasion to examine his chest, and I found it was peculiarly formed. At first sight, it appeared weak and contracted; in fact, malformed; great depression about the sternum; and the lower ribs folded in and as it were packed away under each other. This was while the lungs were moving but little. The examination, and direction of his mind to the subject of the lungs, excited the deeper respiration; and now the depressions on the sternum were expanded, the ribs came forth and opened out, and the breast swelled to huge proportions. I never saw such capacity of respiration in any other person; though, as you may conceive, I examine a good many subjects annually on this very point.

"With regard to *internal* respiration I have no experience, and though I listen, and do not reject, I have nothing to do with it short of experience. With regard, however, to respiration or breathing by influx, as distinguished from respiration consentaneous with thought, emotion, passion, or the natural life, it is a phenomenon which I have observed. It is, however, vain to tell of it to persons who know nothing of influx by their own experience.

"It will, in time, be worth while to show that as words can come into the mind by conscious influx, and as streams of thought can come by conscious influx, so breaths can come by conscious influx; and instead of being consentaneous with thought and the natural man, govern thought and the natural mind, and swell the boundaries of breathing, and therewith all the powers of the body, beyond the limits of mere nature. Of this Mr. Harris is at present a remarkable instance.—Yours, &c.,

J. J. GARTH WILKINSON.

Nor do these singular experiences of Harris and Swedenborg stand alone. In a book published in 1854, under the somewhat portentous title of "Astounding Facts from the Spirit World," Dr. J. A. Gridley, of Southampton, Mass., U.S., gives the following account of his personal experience:—

It was by the central play of the spiritual lungs within the physical, in inhaling and exhaling the divine atmosphere, that first gave me evidence of a spiritual organism within the physical. . . . For several weeks after the spiritual lungs began daily to breathe the new atmosphere, the most interior divine magnetic current, they (the spiritual lungs) seemed to expand to such a degree as positively to swell the physical with spirit life, so that the latter could not take in the common atmosphere but by the greatest effort, and a suffocating sensation was the consequence, which continued to increase till I was obliged to break off the divine communication for several successive days, as I thought, in order to preserve life. The next day, while lying on my back, surrounded with my family, the same current came again upon me, and the same suffocation also; but this time came with it the impression that *this is God's work*, and He knows how to modify and control it. My will responded yes, and if I die, I will die; I will not sever the holy cord; for a couple of minutes every breath seemed my last, and yet I got another, and still another, and yet the divine current increased till it verily seemed that I had drawn the last gasp I should ever get in this world. At this instant my lungs, ribs, and all—the entire chest—was expanded as quick and as forcibly as if a blast of powder had exploded within them. Nothing can make me doubt that the cavity of the chest was larger by many cubic inches, from that moment, than at any former period of my life. For a week after that event, I felt as if I could draw in an atmosphere of life either physical or spiritual.

Madam Guyon speaks of being subject to a very similar experience, her chest being suddenly enlarged as by an electric

or magnetic shock within the central life acting outwards. She experienced no pain or unpleasant sensation. She was obliged to call her female attendants to adjust her apparel to her so recently enlarged condition. Bossuet, by his authority, sought to induce her to retract this statement, but in vain.

We have only to remark that in each of the cases we have cited, the phenomenon does not appear to have resulted from any effort or artificial process, but to have been spontaneously induced. No doubt there have been many similar experiences, but we are not seeking to make any formal array of evidence in support of a theory—perhaps, any theory in our present state of knowledge on the subject may be premature; but we think much may be learned from abnormal or exceptional developments in humanity: they may manifest latent faculties, and powers in man, the traces of which in ordinary states are too faint to attract attention, or, it may be, too faint even for the most conscientious and careful study to detect.

T. S.

[This subject of "Internal Respiration" is one of the most interesting in the whole range of Spiritualism. That there is some broad universal truth to be discovered from the study of it we have no doubt. If a millennial age is ever to flow over the broad plains of humanity, it is not easy to conceive by what other means than by this internal respiration it is to arrive, or even to be possible. It will probably be found to co-exist with all seership, and thus to open out the question of influx, and thence of inspiration in its various forms and degrees. The Rev. A. Clissold, who has much studied the subject from a Swedenborgian point of view, has come to the same conclusion of its immense value, and has remarked that if ever there is to be "a New Church," it is through the opening of the internal respiratories that it must come. We invite the assistance of our readers towards a discussion and enlargement of the subject, and more especially to the collection of facts and instances, which are no doubt numerous, and to be had for the searching.—ED.]

MRS. STOWE ON SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION.—Mrs. H. B. Stowe, in her story, "The Pearl of Orr's Island," has the following passage:—"It may be that our present faculties have among them a rudimentary one, like the germs of wings in the chrysalis, by which the spiritual world becomes sometimes an object of perception—there may be natures in which the walls of the material are so fine and translucent that the spiritual is seen through them as a glass darkly. It may be, too, that that love which is stronger than death, has a power sometimes to make itself heard and felt through the walls of our mortality, when it would plead for the defenceless ones it has left behind. All these things may be—who knows?"

SPIRITUALISM ABROAD.

WE receive a French periodical, entitled *Revue Contemporaine des Sciences Occultes et Naturelles*, which lets us know that Spiritualism is extending among our neighbours. The *Revue* is published by Mons. Manlius Salles, at Nîmes, and may be had of Baillière in Paris, and perhaps in London. It seems to be chiefly devoted to magnetism. One of its correspondents writing upon this subject, concludes thus:—

“As to Spiritualism, I know not what to say. I have just witnessed experiments in my own house by persons whose position, probity, and intelligence, compel me to throw aside all suspicion. I have witnessed phenomena so extraordinary that I am fairly perplexed.”

Another, dating from Sétif, in Algeria, informs the editor that his son, sixteen years old, is the subject of spontaneous magnetic sleep, and that, in this state, he writes in various languages, Latin, German, English, Arabic, Ancient Teutonic, or any other in which serious men may choose to question him. Examples of the youth's writing in this way, are sent to the editor, with a promise to send him any quantity. Some communications he has in verse. His correspondent, a M. Courtois, says that the phenomena and the writings have made him a Spiritualist; that his son is a medium for spirits, who sign themselves AUGUSTIN and DENIS; that his *séances* are held once a week.

There is also a letter of half a dozen pages from M. Jobard, of Brussels, headed *Avis aux Mediums*, in which he gives his reflections upon extended observations. He says, “Orthodox religion assigns too great a part to Satan and his presumed satellites, evil-spirits, who ought rather to be called malignant, ignorant, and lying spirits—who are almost all tainted with the sin of pride, which has been their ruin. In this they differ nothing from men of whom they have formed a part for a very short period, considering the eternity of their existence.”

The writer then warns mediums against the crude notion of spirits, as spirits, being perfect. “As well,” he says, “might a highway robber be looked upon as an honest man as soon as he is out of his prison; or a madman be regarded as a sage after clearing the walls of an asylum.” He tells mediums that there is as much difference between spirits as there is between men; that every one takes with him into the next state of life his character and his moral and scientific acquirements. “Fools here are fools there. Rogues, graspers, sensualists, suffer from being deprived of their selfish *stimuli*. Hence, we are instructed by the Holy Spirit to despise the goods of the earth, which we cannot assimilate to ourselves, nor take with us; but to attend

rather to spiritual and moral goods, which do follow us, and which will serve eternally not only to delightfully occupy us, but as steps by which we shall rise higher and higher, on the great Jacob's-ladder, into the boundless hierarchy of spirits. Thus it is that good spirits think but little of the goods and gross pleasures which they have left here in dying, or in their own words, in going home. Like the philosophers who had been shut up in prison, torn suddenly from their dungeon, they regret not the loss of garments, furniture, and coin, but of their precious books and manuscripts. The butterfly, shaking the dust from his wings before taking his sunny flight, cares little for the ruins of the shell, which had served him as a transient habitation. So a spirit like that of Buffon, regrets no more his Chateau de Montbard, nor will Lamartine regret his Saint Point—regretted by him so much while still here. Hence the calmness of the sage's death. How different that of the animal-man; to him the loss of the goods of the earth is the loss of all; he clings to them like the miser to his strong-box. The spirit even cannot get away from them; it holds to matter and haunts the places which have been dear to it; instead of making efforts to break the bonds which may still hold it to earth, he clings to it like an insensate, and is tormented because he can no longer enjoy it. Here is hell, here the fire which such spirits bend themselves to make eternal; here are the bad spirits who repel the counsels of the good, and who have need of the succour of reason and of human wisdom." But we shall not follow M. Jobard further in this direction, as he seems to go into the debatable ground of speculation, although he declares that all who may have the same experience as he has had, and give the same amount of study to it, would agree with him. On this point he finishes with these words:—"The power of evil, which it is admitted that spirits have, has its antithesis in the power of good, which may be hoped from them; these two forces are *adequate*, like all the forces of nature, without which equilibrium would be destroyed, and free-will be replaced by fatality, blind, unintelligent *fate*, the death of all, the absence of God, and the catalepsy of the universe."

Among spirits of the better sort, M. Jobard speaks of "poets, who dictate verses,—philosophers and moralists, who give good maxims,—historians, who throw a light on the events of their epoch,—naturalists, who will rectify past errors committed by themselves,—astronomers, who will reveal facts of which you are ignorant,—musicians and authors, capable of dictating their posthumous works."

All the spirits above mentioned he characterises as *esprits terrestres*—terrestrial spirits, from their being, he supposes, still associated with the earth's denizens.

Of healing mediums, M. Jobard writes, "There are no well-disposed mediums, who are not magnetisers and healers by nature; but not making use of their faculty they do not know that they possess it. In using it, they would be best advised and most powerfully aided by their good spirits. In this we have seen wonders performed similar to that effected at the hotel Nocera at Naples on the 13th of June last, upon the person of the Duke of Celenza, and who has published the fact that he has been cured of a disease from which he had suffered more than ten years, and which had been pronounced incurable, by the mere word of an old French chevalier to whom he related his sufferings. There are others who do such things in different countries—in Holland, in England, in France, in Switzerland—but they will multiply with time; the seeds are sown."

M. Jobard concludes his *Avis aux Mediums* thus:—"As to celestial spirits, or those of a transcendant order, it is so rare to find them communicating with individuals, that the time is not come to speak of them; they take part in the destinies of nations, in great reformatory crises, in great universal developments, and are at work now; let us await with confidence the great things about to happen. *Renovabunt faciem terræ.*"

"BLACKWOOD" AND THE "NORTH BRITISH REVIEW."

By JUDGE EDMONDS.

IN *Blackwood's Magazine*, for October, 1860, and in the *North British Review*, for February, 1861, are articles assailing our belief in spiritual intercourse, which I desire to notice. *Blackwood*, if I recollect aright, some two or three years ago, contained an article on the same subject, denying the facts. Now it has taken one step forward, and admits the facts but denies the inference. The *North British*, however, sturdily denies the facts, and, lagging behind its *confrère* some two or three years, seems content to rest where the American periodical press was some ten years ago—denying facts which were standing in their way every minute, and to which they finally had to yield.

If these very respectable writers will not receive human testimony, there is an end of the argument; there is no more to be said. But if they will, then I desire to ask a few questions, founded on facts, which are testified to by thousands of witnesses in different parts of the world.

1. *Blackwood* calls Spiritualism "that ignoble and debasing superstition." Will it say how that can be true, when "Spirit-

ualism prevents hypocrisy; it reclaims the infidel; it proves the immortality of the soul; it recognises one God, and man's responsibility to Him; it enforces the great law of the Creator by inducements hitherto unknown to man; it heals the sick; it gives sight to the blind; it cures the lame; it comforts the mourner; it enjoins upon all the utmost purity of life; it teaches that charity which rather mourns over than rejoices at the failings of our fellow-mortals; it reveals to us our own nature, and what is the existence into which we are to pass when this life shall have ended."

This is an extract from a reply under my own signature, in November, 1855, to an attack on me and on my faith by the Bishop of Vermont, at St. Louis, at New Orleans, and at Montreal; it was published wide throughout the land; and was virtually a challenge to the whole press and the pulpit to refute its positions, and it has never yet been answered, except by some such general denunciations as those in *Blackwood*.

And for its truth, we appeal to evidence stronger and more abundant than can be found in support of any history, sacred or profane.

2. How will those journals account for this fact—attested to by hundreds of witnesses, in all parts of our country—*inanimate matter, moving without mortal contact, and displaying intelligence, and that intelligence being able to read concealed thought, to spell, to cypher; knowing geography, astronomy, and many languages, and holding free converse as if by a living person?* And what specimen of mortality is there which can read the mind, as inanimate matter, thus influenced, has been known to do, over and over again?

3. How will those journals account for this fact—*numerous instances, in which people have spoken in many languages, of which they were entirely ignorant?*

In my letter—No. VIII., to the *Tribune*—and which you have in a pamphlet form, I have given the names of twenty-seven persons who have done this; and, in my Appendix, I have given the evidence of this, and the names and residences of over one hundred witnesses, by whom the matter has been tested: and all this is but a small part of this class of manifestation.

4. If these facts are to be conceded—as one, if not both, of these journals seem forced to do—*whence comes the intelligence that accompanies them, and is displayed through them?*

Volumes would be required to detail all the forms in which that intelligence is displayed; and it must suffice, for the present occasion, to say, that the evidence is as strong as human testimony can make it; that it does not, and frequently *cannot*, come from mortal man; and any one who will investigate this subject

fairly, will see for himself that this is so. Whence, then, does it come?

As Professor Faraday's explanation of the phenomenon of table-tipping was utterly exploded by a table's moving without mortal contact, so here the mortal source of this intelligence is easily, and at once disproved, by a little patient examination.

Now, be so good as to propound these questions to those writers, and let us see what they will do with them? Showing, as they do, a lamentable ignorance of the subject they venture to discuss, and apparently regarding only a very superficial examination of it as necessary in order to frame their articles. They may complain of my asking questions which require a very different degree of knowledge; still, it seems to me fair to ask them, before submitting patiently to the denunciation of "delusion," "hallucination," and "monoideism," which, having died away years ago in America, is now revived in England.

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, April 3, 1861.

A SEANCE WITH MR. HOME.

By E. F.

In placing before your readers the following facts, I must beg it to be understood I am not writing them in the hope of making converts to Spiritualism, nor in any polemical spirit, nor in a wish to impose on others a belief in a communion with the departed, but merely to place before them an account of certain extraordinary manifestations witnessed by myself, and of so singular and incomprehensible a nature, that had the occurrences I am about to relate been told me on the testimony of persons whose good faith I could have no reason to doubt, I am free to confess I should have believed them to have been imposed upon.

Before committing to paper what I witnessed, I must beg your readers to believe that as to the cause, or nature of these manifestations, I have no opinion to offer, but I feel myself bound in justice to the lady at whose house they took place, from her known integrity of character, high rank, and position in society, to declare that if any deception there be, it must have been without her sanction or knowledge.

The *séance*, at which I was present, occurred on the 18th of March last, at ———, the residence of ———. The party present were eight persons. The mediums (so-called) being our hostess, her daughter, another lady and the celebrated Mr. D. D. Home. The visitors, or enquirers, were Mr. ———, M.P. for ———, two ladies and myself; not one of whom I was informed.

had been present at a *séance* before. The drawing room, in which we assembled, communicated with another of larger dimensions, lighted up by eight wax candles, placed in different parts of the room. The room was like most rooms in fashionable houses, furnished very handsomely, and full of every description of sofas, arm-chairs and ottomans. In the centre was a large loo-table, around which eight or nine persons could easily sit. We were invited to take our places at this table, which we did; the four mediums occupying one side, and the visitors the other. We then placed our hands on the table five or six inches from its edge; we sat for some time, ten minutes perhaps, or it might be more, without any manifestation taking place, and had almost given up the matter as a failure, when a slight hardly perceptible rapping, two or three times repeated, was heard by all present. The knocks, increased until the table appeared to me as if some blunt instrument struck it on the *under* side, in all parts, sometimes loud, sometimes so subdued as hardly to be heard. Mr. Home remarked that many spirits were present, and that the *séance* would be perfect. At this moment I felt a singular sensation, I can hardly describe it, a strange vibration convulsed the whole room, the chair on which we sat, the table, the floor, the very wall even of the room appeared to me to vibrate and tremble. I cannot describe the sensation better than by saying that it closely resembled that peculiar feeling we have felt in the cabin of a small steam-boat when first the steam is turned on and it is put in motion. This strange vibration lasted two or three minutes, then gradually subsided; but again occurred several times during the evening, though in a less degree. Questions were then put as to what spirits were present, and answered through the alphabet by raps, as the letters were called over and written down by one of the mediums. I should have said that on the table were placed sheets of paper, a pencil, and a small hand-bell.

We must have sat about an hour, when I observed a slight movement of the table; it appeared as if a hand underneath was lifting it up, but this could not be, for I counted fourteen hands besides my own placed so far *on* the table, that it would have been *impossible* for any one of them to have produced the movement; presently it rose steadily into the air, remained suspended a short time, and as steadily descended into its former place;—this occurred five times during the evening.

To describe all the phenomena of this evening would occupy a larger space than can be allotted me in the pages of a magazine. I must therefore confine myself to the most extraordinary. During the sitting my legs were continually touched, sometimes clasped as if by a hand, at other times as by a finger

pressing me with its point, and at another, as if some small animal was crawling on my knee. I placed my hand on the part so touched, but could detect nothing. I then took the bell, at the request of Mr. Home, and held it in my right hand under the table; it was immediately laid hold of, twisted and turned about, as if some one was playing with it. With my other hand I tried to ascertain if any finger could be felt, but there was nothing either to be felt or seen. I then handed it over to a lady opposite; it was immediately taken from her hand and placed in that of a gentleman who sat next me, and again by some unseen power conveyed to the lady who sat opposite to him. This was followed by a more extraordinary manifestation. Our hostess told me she some years ago had lost a much-loved child; that when in this world he had been her constant companion, and that his spirit was then present. From her arm she took a long and large bracelet, which she said had been a favorite plaything of his when alive; she held it under the table, and I heard it clutched as if held by the hand of some one; immediately it was placed in, or rather on, the palm of my hand; I tried to clasp it with my left hand, when it was withdrawn and conveyed back to its owner, who intimated to me that I had done wrong, and that I must promise not to snatch it again: I made this promise, and the bracelet was replaced in my hand,—and I distinctly felt the small, soft, and warm hand of a child resting in mine;—it was then conveyed back to her to whom it belonged, and apparently carried round the table and thrown up against it, as if in childish playfulness.

I have only to add, that spirit-hands appeared;—that an accordion played tunes without any perceptible means;—that a chilly cold air seemed to blow around us, rendering our hands of icy coldness—that a singular cry as of distress was twice heard in the room—that a flower from a flower-pot was plucked by some unseen power and placed in the hand of one of the visitors, who was informed it was a gift from a departed relative, and to be kept by him as a token of affection. Other manifestations (but from their personal nature and without permission I could not make them public) took place during a *séance* of three hours. In conclusion, let those who feel interested in these singular phenomena, refer to the August number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, where they will find in an article headed "Stranger than Fiction," a far better account of these "marvels" than I am able to give. It was from the perusal of that article that I was led to seek for proof. I was then (on the matter of Spiritualism) a sceptic—perhaps I am still; but from close and repeated enquiries from others who have been witnesses to these singular facts, and from a vigilant scrutiny of all that took place during

the *séance* of that evening, which I have attempted to describe, I am ready to assert my conviction, that no trick, no legerdemain, was put in practice to delude, but that the phenomena I there witnessed must have been caused by some unknown, and yet undiscovered power; but as to what that power is I have no opinion—no theory whatever. It may be, as believed by Spiritualists, the souls of the departed—or by spirits of good or of evil—or, in this age of unbelief, a manifestation from Almighty God to convince men of an after life—or through the agency of Satan, to establish a false creed to lead souls away from the one fold of the one Shepherd. The solution I must leave to wiser heads than mine.

21st April, 1861.

E. F.

THE WOMAN IN A BLACK BONNET.

THE following narrative was communicated to me by a clergyman, on whose veracity I can entirely rely, who, immediately on leaving the company in which the Vicar of D—— had related his experience, wrote it down as nearly as possible verbatim.

Thinking it might be useful in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*, I send it for insertion, at the discretion of the Editor, and should have been glad if I had been at liberty to authenticate it with the real names of the parties; being of recent occurrence.

Yours, &c.,

York, April, 1861.

CATHOLICUS.

“ I was walking one Sunday afternoon by the canal side, and overtook four women; three of whom turned off before me, and passed down the bank. Some drunken men came up to them shortly after, and they ran away. The fourth was an odd looking creature, in a coal-scuttle black bonnet, with a great dent in it across the top; she wore a grey cloak, and looked very thin and meagre. I did not know her, and looked round to examine her face. It was thin and long, with a long, thin, Greek cast of nose. Seeing such a wretched being in my parish, and not knowing her, I felt inclined to speak to her. I therefore turned again, and as I laid my hand on her shoulder, it went right into her body. I immediately began to think something was wrong with me, and said to myself: ‘This will never do—I must be in a queer way to-day.’ Feeling on my guard against self-deception, I determined to walk *through her*; and I assure you, Sir, I drew back my head as it came into contact with her black bonnet; yet I walked right through her, and felt nothing. A friend asked

me afterwards why I did not let her walk through me, but that never occurred to me. I lifted up my foot to trip her up, and should have done it, had I not thought to myself—What will the people think if they see the Vicar knocking down this poor old creature; so I went home as fast as I could, and left her there. I wrote an account of it to my friend T——, and he called it ‘a day-dream.’ ‘Is that account of it satisfactory to you, Dr.?’ said I. ‘No more than if you told me that our present conversation is a day-dream.’

“The Vicar proceeded to relate the following story—‘When I lived at —— House, I was standing in the staircase-lobby one night, with a candle in my hand, when I heard the step of a lady in a stiff silk dress, sweeping along the passage. I held up the light to see who was coming, and though the figure went by me, and made the candle-flame waver, I saw nothing. I followed the step up the back stairs, but saw nothing. Some time after, my son James told me that he had heard the same thing, though I had not mentioned the circumstance to any person.’ I subsequently found that the house was reported to be haunted by the J——s who formerly lived there.”

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE FROM INSTANT DEATH OF MR. WESTON,
OF OLD SWINFORD, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

The following is communicated to us by a Correspondent:—
MR. WESTON, of Old Swinford, in Worcestershire, was walking one evening in the summer of 1759 in the park of Lord Lyttleton, of Hagley, and being overtaken by a sudden shower, ran into a grotto, and stood under a spreading oak, under whose shade several cattle were standing. He had not been above ten minutes in that situation before he saw the form of a man passing over the brook, almost close to the shade. Supposing it to be a poor peasant who had long worked for him, he called him by his name, but receiving no answer, and the apparition quickly disappearing, he found his mind much agitated. Regardless of the storm, Mr. Weston withdrew from the place where he had sought an asylum, and ran round a rising hill, in order to discover the form which had presented itself to him. That, however, had not the effect desired, but one, abundantly more salutary than it, it certainly had; for just as he had gained the summit of the hill, on his return to the grotto, a tremendous flash of lightning darted its forked fury on the venerable oak, shivering it to pieces, and killing two of the cattle under its boughs. On his return to Swinford, the death of the labourer was just announced. He attended his funeral, paid the expenses, and settled an annuity on the widow.

A MOTHER'S VISION.

My friend Emily, who related to me the following incident, was an orphan, and adopted as a daughter by my father. I have known her from childhood, and have perfect faith in her veracity.

In the last week of July, 1859, her infant, a sweet little girl of fourteen months, had been very ill, but seemed recovering. Emily had laid herself down on her bed to rest, leaving her babe asleep in the nurse's arms. The nurse sat at the foot of the bed, but as there was a high foot-board to it, Emily could not see her when lying down. Satisfied that the baby was out of danger, she composed herself for sleep. Suddenly there stood before her a much-loved friend, Miss Ann G., who had died thirteen years before. She appeared holding Emily's babe in her *left* arm, and lingered as though unwilling to depart. Ann G. in nursing infants used always to carry them in her left arm, whilst on earth. Emily, struck with wonder, was gazing at her, with both hands raised, when she heard a voice saying, "Hasten, her mother will detain her," at which word Ann G. departed quickly, bearing the child with her. Emily rose instantly, exclaiming, "Where is my babe?" and on looking in its face she found its spirit had indeed fled. The nurse and servant were struck with alarm and amazement at Emily's cry. They had noticed a change in the child, but deemed it so slight as to give no cause for disturbing the mother. Emily then went calmly into the adjoining room where her husband was sleeping, and said, "Thomas, Ann G. has been and taken my baby away."

I asked Emily to describe to me the appearance of our mutual and beloved friend Ann G. Her reply was that her spirit was not to be described; that there was no shadow, and she looked beyond description beautiful, whilst the child gazed up into her face in loving dependance.

Ann G. in her life in the world had been unusually fond of children; and, so much so, that although highly educated she used to declare that if ever compelled to leave home and take a situation, she would be a nurse, and not a governess. To Emily she promised, that if ever she was married and had children, she would come any distance to take care of them in case of illness.

A most remarkable incident in connection with this case remains to be told. Some months before, Emily had a dream, in which Ann G. appeared. She seemed to enter a room hastily, and as hastily turn and go out. Emily ran after her, and observed that there was a step down from the room door to the landing. She called cagerly to her friend as she retreated, "Where are you going? Why not stay longer?" Ann G. answered, "I cannot stay now; I will return in a short time."

On recalling this dream, which, although very vivid, Emily had at the time attached no importance or significance to, she discovered that the house in which her babe had died, was the house she had seen in her dream. There was the room, the step to the landing, and the staircase down which Ann G. had glided, precisely as in the vision she had seen, although at the time of its occurrence she had never entered the house in which she then lived, and in which her babe died.

It is probable you are overstocked with experiences of this kind; yet, if you are pleased to make use of this, I can send you one or more relations of similar occurrences in our family.

F. J. T.

12, Bentinck Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

SIR,—I add my testimony, to that of my daughter, to the *strict veracity* of the mother, whose experience of spirit-vision is recorded, and *I believe in its reality*.

I feel that I am myself near the spirit land; I have been confined to one room for nearly nine months, by angina pectoris, calmly looking daily for *explanation* of this spirit mystery, which our finite minds cannot comprehend in this world of defective education. "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

ROBERT THEOBALD,
(Late publisher, of 26, Paternoster Row).

ANECDOTE FROM COLERIDGE.

A STRANGER came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and enquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said that the picture ought to have been removed, and that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine,

and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:—"My father," said he, "was at Hamburg on business, and, whilst dining at a coffee house, he observed a young man of a very remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned his head quickly round as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days, and at length became so much interested about him that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort from the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father's involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronized by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburg. He had not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him; he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace; at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companions, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown him."—COLERIDGE.

Table Talk.

Notices of Books.

The British Controversialist. 1860. Houlston & Wright,
Paternoster Row.

THIS publication, as stated on the title page, is "devoted to the impartial and deliberate discussion of important questions in religion, philosophy, history, politics, social economy, etc." This object is mainly worked out by statements *pro* and *con*, of the several subjects considered, as furnished by their respective partisans and opponents. Each side thus has its innings. The plan somewhat reminds us of a newspaper we have read of, called *The Cerberus*, intended to represent equally Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, with three editors, one of each school of politics, so that neither party might have cause to grumble, and the co-operation of all be secured. This clever and ingenious scheme came to grief, mainly we believe through the discovery that the three editors were rolled into one, who most impartially barked for each party in turn; and so *Cerberus* soon got no sop, and had to seek another kennel. We don't mean to insinuate that the *British Controversialist* is a publication of this stamp; no doubt its contributors write in good faith; but we think it would be more satisfactory, and its controversial papers would certainly be more valuable if, instead of being inserted from anonymous contributors, each party was represented only by known, competent, and, if possible, accredited advocates.

"Is Spiritualism True?" is "The Topic" of one of these discussions, and it gives rise to just that confused babble which always takes place when people rush into print knowing little or nothing of the subject, but fully persuaded of their competence to deal with it in a satisfactory manner. First, we have the "affirmative," and then the "negative," argued by a number of contributors on either side. We will take them *seriatim* in the order in which they stand:—

"D. H." refers to the "proof written *à priori* in the human frame of the intense reality of spiritual manifestations—of the fact, that Spiritualism is true." "QUITD," is satisfied with remarking that "the believers in Spiritualism have not hesitated to guarantee by the publication of their names, &c., their statements, and their faith. Its opponents have almost entirely shrouded themselves in the strictest, almost Junius-like anonymity." "SPOT" reminds us that "inspiration, genius, seership, premonitions, visions, impressions, &c., are all forms of acknowledged spiritual agency," and he asks, "Why should these be its only forms, and man's acquaintance with the spirit not be like his knowledge of all things else, widened by the procession of the suns?" "Q. E. D." cites examples—Socrates, Homer, Luther, Swedenborg, and quotes George Herbert, that—

"Man is one world,
And hath another to attend him."

"T. B. D." says that "the apparition, in some form or other, of spiritual agencies to human beings has been for ever a tradition among men; nor is there any feeling so widely diffused as that which teaches us to believe that there are ministering spirits." "SOCRATES," as we might expect from the name, philosophises on the twofold relationship of man's consciousness "to the material and outer world, and to the spiritual world, of which it is the intermediary organ." "G. G." appeals to "the wonders of modern science," which "were in their early day, *à priori* as much matters of hesitance and unbelief, as are now the agencies of the universe of spirits." "L. D. P." quotes *Fichte*, and gives the names "of many well-known persons," as "witnesses that they know and believe the truth;" while the others (unbelievers) can only affirm that they know nothing, and believe little, of the matter."

So far the "affirmative" writers; if they give us little that is new, there is nothing discordant in their several statements. They travel upon well-beaten but parallel lines of thought, and do not come into collision. We cannot say as much for the "negative" writers; to vary our figure, they row in the same boat, but with different sculls, and do not pull all together. It is to be hoped that they are strong swimmers, or that they belong to the class not born to be drowned, as there is every chance that their want of harmony will capsize the craft. We

are somewhat startled with the opening paragraph. "IOTA," is a terrible combatant, quite a "Red Indian of debate," and evidently determined to make short work of it. Here's a frightful tomahawk to flourish over our devoted heads. "To prove anything true, it is indispensable that we should understand the first principles of that which we investigate, the causes of its existence, its various operations, and its final results; and having all these clearly before our minds, we may nearly always judge of the truth or falsehood of any matter that is brought before our attention." Alas for us! If it is indeed *indispensable* to know *first principles, causes of existence, various operations, and final results*; and to have *all these clearly before our minds*, we are afraid that our knowledge will be brought down to zero, and that we shall not have left even an "iota" of belief. The writer indeed suggests that spiritual manifestations are "*the workings of phenomena*, with which we are yet unacquainted, and which may require another Newton to unveil." We are afraid that even "another Newton" could unveil very little under the conditions which "IOTA" would impose upon him. He "believes in the sincerity" of the writer in the *Cornhill*, but opines that he was a victim to "the excitement of his brain," as we suppose was also Dr. Gully of Malvern, who was present at the *séance*, and has corroborated his account "in every particular." "J. C." starts off in the easy, bouncing, good-old "I am Sir Oracle" style. "Spiritualism, or spirit-rapping, is *not* true. It is an imposition upon the credulous; used, in most cases, to make money, and in others to create awe. It will, indeed, be surprising if any one person, after a perusal of these articles (in *Once a Week*), can have any doubt of Spiritualism being an imposture. From first to last, it is a successful cheat, and I sincerely hope that it will soon be universally treated with the contempt it deserves." "J. R. P." considers the discussion of the question "barren and unproductive." The writer of "Stranger than Fiction," having remarked that "ten thousand failures do not disprove a single fact." "J. R. P." shews his logical acumen by reasoning on this, as if the writer had said that in Spiritualism there are "ten thousand attempts for one success." "J. T. K." displays his acquaintance with the subject by informing us that "as long as spiritual manifestations are confined to mahogany movements, little faith can be placed in their reality," and that "these inhabitants of other worlds are unable to communicate any information, except through the medium of raps." "These may be either the result of some hidden law of nature, or perhaps, some peculiar combination of electrical and magnetic influence." "F. T. MILLS," (the only name in this controversy), says "If our friends on the affirmative will answer these questions, I will believe their statements:—1. Did they *themselves* ever see a ghost or spirit? or, Did they ever hear any sound that could not be accounted for naturally—and when? 2. Did they ever see a table move in such a manner, that looking under the table would not furnish the solution? 3. Did they ever hear any musical instrument play of itself, after it had been examined by them, and no machinery found?"

We don't suppose that any one ever seriously claimed that a musical instrument played "of itself;" if it did, it would not be a spirit manifestation. But apart from this little qualification, if "F. T. MILLS" is so easily satisfied, his conversion will not be a difficult matter. "LUTHER," considers that much of the phenomena can be accounted for by science, and that as the Bible "never represents spirits and the denizens of this earth as holding communication through the medium of tables, nor at the bidding of professional media—Spiritualism is baseless as the fabric of a dream." "T. L. P." writes "So far as Spiritualism refers to the turning of tables, and to the rapping out of direct answers to direct questions, we can give our feeble testimony to its truth and reality. We have more than once seen this result. Our own theory is, that the motion of the table is produced by the *involuntary* pressure of those whose hands are placed on it." "T." candidly admits, "I have seen little, and read nothing of Spiritualism." Nevertheless, he too has his "own theory," which is: "That the *something*, whatever it may be, which moves tables, proceeds from the bodies or from the minds of those who place their hands upon the tables." "J. W." is indignant:—"I cannot conceive how any man in his senses can believe in the so-called manifestations of Spiritualism. All these ridiculous per-

formances take place in almost total darkness. It is simply absurd to fancy that the spirits of the dead can be influenced by the wishes of those on earth; and believers in this doctrine I look upon either as the dupes of some crafty medium, or their own disordered senses. Why not turn the spirits to some practical account in this matter-of-fact age?" "J. J. G." has the simplicity to enquire: "Do these spiritual communications appear to any who disbelieve in them? or, Are they confined to a few who are initiated in the mysteries, and are called media? Has anything ever been discovered by means of the spirits? Has any information ever been communicated on any subject by the rappings?" Finally, a writer, (we presume the editor, as he appends neither name nor initials), brings up the rear. He thus commences, in *ex-cathedra* fashion: "The hypothesis of spiritual manifestations is so flagrantly at variance with the present order of things, that it must necessarily be false in principle, therefore, deceptive in result." This is concise, if not conclusive; but we would humbly suggest that the putting two propositions together with "it must necessarily" in between, does not constitute an irrefutable syllogism; nor do "reasons" founded upon "if" and "we say" (abundantly sprinkled throughout the rest of the article) make a very formidable, though we confess it is a very popular logic. These "negative" utterances are "voices from the crowd," they represent the average mind, and are so far useful that they enable us to gauge its ignorance and its prejudices. Better that they should thus bubble up to the surface than that we should be unaware of their existence.

Lectures on the Apocalypse; or, Book of Revelations of St. John the Divine. By FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE, M.A., Incumbent of St. Peter's, Vere Street. Macmillan.

It is not our purpose formally to review this volume of Lectures. Theological criticism scarcely falls within our province. But as the Apocalypse purports to unfold the relation between the visible and invisible world, it must have a peculiar interest for the Christian Spiritualist; therefore we gladly invite attention to a profound and worthy exposition of this celebrated drama. The characteristic of Mr. Maurice's Commentary consists in his endeavour to discover the nature of those eternal laws of Divine Providence which are unfolded in the Book of Revelation. He does not confine the fulfilment of these laws to any particular dates and occurrences, but seeks to point out their operation in all events and in every epoch in the history of the world. This object imparts a freshness, life, and practical interest to his work, which happily distinguish it from many other Commentaries on the Apocalypse. Our space will not allow us to make any more general observations on this valuable contribution to theological thought, as we wish to indulge our readers with an extract illustrating Mr. Maurice's idea of the Millennium, and of the influence of the departed on their brethren upon earth. He is commenting on Revelation xx. 4—6.

"Surely, if one takes these words as they stand they do not describe a descent of Christ to the earth, but an ascent of them who had been beheaded for the witness of Christ, to reign with him. * * * It seems to me that the passage before us not only becomes more consistent with the rest of this book, and of the New Testament generally, if we understand it, of the ages during which the Gospel was establishing itself in the different parts of the Roman empire, but that by understanding it so, the difficulty which has perplexed so many minds about the connexion between the future state of each man after death, and the future state of the world at large, is removed; and a brilliant light thrown upon both.

"That a vision of the souls who *were beheaded for the witness of Christ* must refer to those who have died, not to those who escape death, no one can dispute. What, then, would it appear to tell us? That these witnesses of Christ who had cared so much for the earth when they dwelt upon it—who had laboured to do it good, and apparently had laboured in vain—who had told it of its true king, and of its revolt to a usurper—should, when they were no more seen, exercise an

influence over it which had been denied them before, should work as the efficient servants of Him who had given up His life for the redemption of the world, this is their high reward, exactly that reward which our Lord held out to them in His parable. He that had used the pound well, and had made it five pounds, was to have dominion over five cities. He that used the two well, and made them other two was to have dominion over two cities. * * *

" 'This,' we are told, 'is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy are they that have part in it.' Who, then, are they that have part in it? We have heard the definition of them. It is surely one that does not *exclude* the first ages of the Christian Church. Our first and most natural thought might be that it had special reference to the times when men were *beheaded for the testimony of Jesus*. Suppose, then, we considered what actually took place upon the earth in the centuries which followed that in which the Apostles lived. That idea of self-sacrifice which runs counter to every inclination and tendency of every human mind, enthrones itself in human minds as the effective principle, as that which can accomplish what no other accomplishes. The cross does in some marvellous way obtain a recognition from the emperors and kings who appear as if they did think, and must think it to be the most contemptible of all signs. How do they come to feel its power? By trying their swords against it; by seeing whether swords and stakes will not extinguish the confession of it. Those ages, therefore, exactly answer to the first part of the description in this chapter. No decrees of monarchs, no acts of priests will explain the alteration which is taking effect. It is a change at the very heart of society. The demon is forced to let go the hold over minds and spirits that had recognized him. The new life of the thousand years affects government, education, manners, the cultivation of the soil. But it proceeds silently, mysteriously, in defiance of all appearances. You must study it by the lapse of centuries to know how complete it is. You must see how the overthrow of one established corruption after another attests the permanence of the spiritual rule under which the earth has been brought. * * * And what is the character of that spiritual rule? There is nothing, we sometimes say, more delusive than the dream of posthumous fame. The assertion is well founded, for every selfish anticipation is full of delusion. But is there anything more real, more undoubted, than posthumous influence? May it not be a very great help to us in studying the facts of the world's history, if we suppose that the dominion of the departed over the condition and destiny of the earth is associated by a Divine and Providential link with the dominion of Him who was the first-born from the dead—the head of many brethren? Blessed and holy, indeed, if this be so, is the first resurrection, and they who partake of it. One death they have passed through in the dear might of Him whom that death could not hold. The second death—the death which overtakes the self-seeker has no power over them, as it had none over Him. His Spirit bore witness with their spirits that they were sons of God, and therefore that their life in one world or another was to be spent in the service of men. And have they not been joined by all to whom the same Spirit has taught the same lesson? Do we not know what their occupations must be? Most truly the occupations of heavenly creatures, because devoted to the succour and comforting of those who are walking, and often missing as if they were upon earth. A light falls upon a page of a book—some one seems as if he were showing you the true sense of it. Why not he who wrote it? he who perhaps understood his own words but imperfectly when he set them down, but has learned the signification of them since. A room brings back the memory of faces that were once seen, of voices that were once heard in it—why not those faces be looking at us; those voices be giving to us reproofs and consolations? If we thought so, we should care little for mock messages from the departed; the real would be infinitely precious and awful. If we thought so, we should indeed feel that the reign of the spirits is not ended yet; though perhaps a higher reign than theirs may have been revealed to us."

S. E. B.

Correspondence.

MY BROTHER'S GHOST.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—To be thought superstitious, or a believer in apparitions, is a reputation which no one is anxious to obtain. It is, however, impossible to deny the existence of well-established facts,—more especially when the attendant circumstances do not admit of an explanation, on the supposition of deception, falsehood, morbid imagination, or hallucination. I have never—so far as my own personal experience is concerned—had any manifestation which was necessarily the influence of a disembodied spirit.

Some twenty years since, I devoted much time to the investigation of mesmerism in its varied phases of "mental transfer," "embodiment of thought," "induced mental hallucination," "phreno-mesmerism," "clairvoyance." These phenomena are so truly wonderful in themselves, that when I heard of the development of the "spiritual manifestations,"—from the period of the Misses Fox, and from the experience of others of high reputation,—it did not create in my mind any surprise. I have attempted to explain all the varied phenomena on a material hypothesis—that the nervous agency or force obeyed its own inherent laws—which, though unknown to man, under favourable circumstances, developed the varied vital phenomena. Since 1845, my mind has been devoted to the practical sciences of electricity, chemistry, engineering, mining, &c. These tended to confirm my ideas that all things were merely different states of materiality.

The object, however, of this communication has reference to some extraordinary circumstances associated with the death of my brother Joseph. On January 3rd, 1856, he being in command of the steamer "Alice," on the Mississippi, just above New Orleans, came in collision with another steamer. The concussion caused the flagstaff or pole to fall with great violence, which, coming in contact with my brother's head, actually divided the skull, causing, of necessity, instant death. In October, 1857, I visited the United States. When at my father's residence, Camden, New Jersey, the melancholy death of my brother became the subject of conversation, when my mother narrated to me that at the very time of the accident, the apparition of my brother Joseph was presented to her. This fact was corroborated by my father and four sisters. Camden, New Jersey, is distant from the scene of the accident, in a direct line, over one thousand miles, and nearly double that distance by the mail route. My mother mentioned the fact of the apparition on the morning of the 4th of January to my father and sisters; nor was it until the

16th, or thirteen days after, that a letter was received confirming in every particular the extraordinary visitation. It will be important to mention that my brother William and his wife lived near the locality of the dreadful accident, now being in Philadelphia; they have also corroborated to me the details of the impression produced on my mother.

Having the last year become much interested in the "spiritual manifestations"—so called—some of the phenomena presented to me are extraordinary, and I have observed them under circumstances which preclude the possibility of doubting the facts, without admitting or denying their spiritual origin. To tax my senses with deception, when hourly experience proves their truthfulness, would be, indeed, absurd. In writing to my mother lately, I incidentally mentioned some of these "spiritual manifestations," and stated to her that I believed in their reality as facts. This elicited the following, which I extract from a letter received this day:—

"Camden, New Jersey, United States,

"March 27th, 1861.

"My Beloved Son,—I received yours of the 7th inst. yesterday, for which I had been anxiously waiting. * * * I was perfectly surprised to hear that you were a believer in Spiritualism. Let it not take hold of you too much—be moderate in your views; not that I am a total disbeliever, for I fully believe, and always have, that the spirits of our departed friends are hovering about us, and protecting us from evil. There are, certainly, curious things happen, which I cannot explain; for instance, the apparition of my dear Joseph. I suppose that when life was leaving him, his thoughts were on me. On the 3rd of January, 1856, I did not feel well, and retired to bed early. Some time after, I felt uneasy and sat up in bed; I looked round the room, and, to my utter amazement, saw Joseph standing at the door, looking at me with great earnestness, HIS HEAD BANDAGED UP, a dirty night-cap on, and a dirty white garment on, something like a surplice. HE WAS MUCH DISFIGURED ABOUT THE EYES AND FACE. It made me quite uncomfortable the rest of the night. The next morning, Mary came into my room early. I told her that I was sure I was going to have bad news from Joseph. I told all the family at the breakfast-table; they replied, "It was only a dream, and all nonsense," but that did not change my opinion. It preyed on my mind, and on the 16th of January I received the news of his death, and singular to say, that both William and his wife, who were there, say that he was exactly attired as I saw him. So much for departed spirits. * * Your ever affectionate Mother,

"ANNE E. COLLYER."

It will no doubt be said that my mother's imagination was in a morbid state, but this will not account for the fact of the apparition of my brother presenting himself at the exact moment of his death. My mother had never seen him attired as described, *and the bandaging of the head* did not take place until some hours after the accident. My brother William told me that his head was nearly cut in two by the blow, and that his face was dreadfully disfigured, and the night-dress much soiled.

On some future occasion, it is my intention to furnish you with some interesting investigations in connection with this intensely interesting subject. I cannot wonder that others should be sceptical, as the evidences I have had could not have been received on the testimony of others; we must, therefore, be charitable towards the incredulous. I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

ROBERT H. COLLYER, M.D., F.C.S., &c.

Beta House, 8, Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.,
April 15th, 1861.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

February 4th.

SIR,—A few evenings ago I had the pleasure of an unexpected visit from my friend, Madame Louise Besson, the medium and clairvoyante. There were beside her present, only myself and sister, and Mr. B——, an American friend. While sitting at the tea-table, more intent on creature-comforts than spiritual communion, we were a little surprised at hearing several very distinct raps on the table. Inquiring if any spirit-friends were present who wished to communicate with us in the course of the evening, we were answered in the affirmative; and a few other questions were also answered, both by the raps and by movements of the table (a heavy one, four feet in diameter). After tea, mentioning that my sister had seen in a crystal in my possession a face that she at once recognised as that of her mother, and also a face which she did not recognise, I took down the crystal from the shelf, and handed it to Madame Besson; both she and my sister looking in it, saw at the same moment, what at first seemed like a cloud, but which in a minute or two becoming clearer, appeared to them very distinctly as the face of a venerable old man, the hair quite white and parted in the centre, the top of the head bald, the eyes large and black, with dark eyebrows; the face though well defined appearing very small. Remembering that my friend, Mr. Hockley, (who has had, perhaps, more experience with the crystal than any other man in England) had told me that on one occasion in looking into a mirror, kept by him for the purpose of spiritual communion, his seeress had seen a scroll with characters inscribed on it, but so exceedingly minute that she could not distinguish them till, on looking through a powerful magnifying glass, she was enabled to read them, I gave them an old-fashioned reading glass. They declared that under it the face in the crystal appeared larger and more distinct, just as reading would have done. The ladies and I were at a loss to think whose appearance it was, as we could not call to mind any one corresponding to it; but Mr. B—— assured us that the description given was an exact description of his grandfather, who, at *seances* attended by him, had always represented himself as his spirit-guardian. A female face, and the entire figure of some young children were also seen, though not quite so distinctly as that of the first face seen.

The crystal having been replaced, Madame Besson passed into the trance state, and addressed Mr. B—— as his grandfather, saying how happy he was that he could thus appear in the crystal and be so readily identified, and proceeded to counsel him, especially in relation to certain circumstances in which he was then placed. The female face in the crystal, he was told was his wife's; (the children were Madame Besson's). Then taking the hand of myself and sister,

and addressing me by the abbreviation of my Christian name by which my mother usually spoke to me, she addressed us as our mother; and then spoke to us as from a sister, also in the spirit-world. On partially coming out of the trance, she saw the figure of an old man at the further end of the room; and, passing deeper into the state, a conversation appeared to ensue between them in the deaf and dumb language, and also by writing, the medium writing on her left arm and hand with the forefinger of her right hand, though too rapidly for us to trace the characters so formed; then suddenly rising, she went to the other end of the room, where she seemed to see the figure, when a further colloquy appeared to ensue with the most lively and dramatic action and gesture. The (to us) invisible figure appeared to be speaking of money, in a way very distasteful to her; suddenly she broke away in distress, and, as if addressing another spirit, she fell on her knees exclaiming, "O, my mother, I am so happy you have come! Speak to him—tell him to go away." Then turning, as if to face her former respondent, she addressed him, as from her mother, in grave language, telling him to think no more of money, or of earth, but of higher things, and to lift his soul to God in prayer. She then said, "He is gone." Next, her children seemed to appear; and she stretched forward as if to embrace them, and with passionate entreaty begged that she might go with them. Then she appeared to be soothed, and after kneeling, as if to receive the maternal benediction, and offering a prayer, she returned in a few minutes to her normal state, unconscious of what had transpired. On telling her about the old man, she said it was a relative—a rich miserly old man, who in childhood had not treated her well. After his death a considerable amount of money was found buried in his cellar.

Such is a brief, unadorned account of one of the most remarkable *séances* at which I have been present. Your readers will probably agree with me that it presents some "materials for thinking." I have attended other *séances*, at Madame Besson's residence, 49, King Street, Soho, equally interesting.

Yours, &c., S.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

33, Blomfield Road, Maida Hill, W.

SIR,—For a long time I have silently watched the progress of what I may term the *Spiritual* question, and (to be as brief as possible) the result is, that I am quite convinced of the *reality* of the *facts* to which you appeal—just as I was, from mere comparison of testimony, long ago, of the *facts* to which the Mesmerists, *Zoists*, &c., appeal. In both cases, without having ever witnessed *one* phenomenon—I have *avoided* this—I have *not* seen, but *believe without seeing*. I believe in the real existence of spirits—intra and ultra mundane—of the living and of the dead or departed—good and bad spirits. But I also believe that God is a Spirit, and that He sent *His Son* (born of woman) who died, and now lives, and is the *Lord and Ruler of Spirits*. Now, it is because I am *doubtful* how far the current Spiritual experimenters acknowledge this Lordship and submit to it, that I never yet *would* do more than observe, hear, and judge—I *would not* touch the thing itself.

You know the view of the Catholic Apostolic (*vulgo* Irvingite) people—but they are not all of one mind, *some* of them, I think, err as *you say* they do, in thinking too lightly of the good there *may* be, and must be *without* their own circle.

On the other hand, you *seem* to me to err, as *they say* you do, in not fully subjecting your sayings and doings to the rule of Christ, the Lord of the spirit-world. *He* (Christ) lives and rules, and must have his administrators of rule somewhere on this earth. Where? and how? Here, in England, and by *the Apostles* of the Catholic Apostolics—or, where, and by whom does he administer rule. What say you to this? In what relation do you stand to Christ, and *where* do you find Him *on earth*? If you will favor me with your view on *this* point I should be much obliged; for I feel the deepest interest in the matter, and, having been thirty years thinking and reading on it, do not *fear* to fight on the right side.

Also, to sum up my *attitude* towards your cause:—

1.—I fully approve of every word of the article on Rev. B. Powell in the present April Number—it is *most excellent*.

2.—Reading at p. 181, what Judge Edmonds says, "It will not be right to give it (Spiritualism) *any form* (Christian, Mahomedan, or Buddhist)," I must

say, Mohammed is *not*, Buddha (or *Gaudama*) is *not*, but Christ is Lord of spirits and of the spirit world, and therefore the men who acknowledge Him—i. e. Christians—must give their acts and words *this* "form," and NO OTHER.

You are well versed in the matter—I a novice; therefore I beg as a favour that you will explain to me how you vindicate your cause on this ground. How do you show that it is really all submission to Christ? For, on one point, my own mind is fully made up—what Christ does not authorize is evil—what he does sanction is good. His Lordship, His anointing, His Christhood (to coin a term), is nothing, if it be not the exclusive control of all spiritual functions among His own disciples and members of his *own body*. How is He a Head, if He governs not the movements of His limbs (members).

My desire is to obtain from your kindness a *private* answer to this, a *private* communication—but if, in your discretion, you should think it in any way profitable to others to print my enquiry, and your answer, I do not object; for, as you see, though I am a Doctor of Medicine, and of the order *reputed most sceptical*, I can believe *without seeing*; and I wish to further the cause of truth, by asking you to put *your best interpretation* on the facts which I acknowledge.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your humble servant,

April, 1861.

W. T. COLEMAN, M.D.

[We gladly publish Dr. Coleman's letter, not only because of its earnest, kindly tone, but because it raises again the old question of *cui bono* in a new form, giving it this time, perhaps, even a narrower meaning than is usual with those who have been in the habit of asking it. We have another letter from a gentleman at Newcastle on the same subject, taking for his text Judge Edmonds's article on organisation, in our last number, with which he quarrels because the Judge does not insist for Spiritualism, that it should have been a warm Wesleyan organisation. His letter, however, is in rather a dogmatic tone.

The opinion which both writers wish to express is this—that Spiritualism, as they understand it, namely, the physical phenomena of it, and the messages which purport to be given from the spirit-world by mediums, ought all to be in the name and in the full acknowledgment of Christ the Lord of all spirits. If they are not so, then that they are evil and to be avoided.

It should be enough to refer to the motto on the cover of the Magazine to show that the notion of Spiritualism, involved in this question, is too narrow, and certainly, in conducting the Magazine, we have endeavoured to give a much wider scope to spiritual philosophy and facts, than this would imply. We look on all facts as being of extreme value, and the facts at the base of Spiritualism, have been found of inestimable service in convicting sceptics, of their want of knowledge of the existence of spirit, and of its supremacy over, and relations with, matter. Assume that these phenomenal phases are produced by low or by evil spirits who deny Christ, and that in messages through many mediums also, Christ is denied. Still the phenomena remain, and the fact of spiritual communion is untouched. Those facts alone, whether they come from good or from bad angels, are enough to revolutionize all the religious and scientific thought of the age, and they

are already beginning to do it. Greater discoveries await the inquirer into the laws of these despised facts, than those which have placed Newton on the pedestal of physical science. So if only in the interest of science or knowing, why should we, when any spiritual inquirer brings us a new discovery, ask him as a preliminary whether or not he believes in the Divine humanity of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and if he do not, then reject his facts and all he could tell us. We personally avow in all humility our full belief in the Divinity of the One Lord Christ Jesus, but we know many, who are more estimable than we, who have not been able to arrive at this belief. In our dealings with them in the world we do not therefore deny all they say, nor refuse even to be taught by them in matters of their special study. All this is only another way of saying that facts are facts, whatever people may think of them, and, in our opinion, it would not be more unwise to insist that *Paradise Lost* is not a true poem, because it was written by an Unitarian, or that the laws of gravitation were no laws at all, because Newton was unsound upon some points of theology.

We prefer to seek truth wherever and under whatever circumstances we can find it; and we believe that it exists in large proportions in every human being, though often much refracted and prismatic. The insisting that all shall think as we do, even on the great pivotal question of Christology, would cut us off from many of our most learned and most valued friends. Much less then in advocating an inquiry so catholic and actual as Spiritualism, would we erect at its entrance a narrow portal in the shape of a creed, be it Wesleyan, Irvingite, Evangelical, Roman, Mormon, or Mahomedan. If Spiritualism be what we think it is, it is large enough to embrace all these and every other form of religious thought; and, when we find that it is not, we will leave it for some larger thing.

It is, therefore, nothing but good to us, to be told that among the believers in the facts of Spiritualism, and the inquirers into its philosophy, are many of differing modes of thought. Thrice welcome are those, for thrice happy are they, who have seen the need of a Saviour, and have thereby found *Him*, but we welcome also those who have not this blessed knowledge. We want no organisation which shall culminate in a hierarchy, and no creed which shall exclude a single soul from brotherhood and studentship. We want help from all sides, and, though we have strong beliefs of our own, we prefer to let them speak for themselves rather than to force them upon others as an excluding test.

It may be that Christ has many children who have not come to know him yet. Meantime, we will work with them as brothers, and see what comes of it.—ED.